BLADENSBURG'S MEMORIES.

lowing the Track of Battle-The Old Dueling Ground-Old Mansions That Were Built a Century and a Half Ago.

Written for The Evening Star.

FOR A PLEASANT AND INTERESTING tramp to Hyattsville and Bladensburg take
Brentwood road at the corner of Florida avenue and 2d street northeast, thence to Rives road, to Bunker Hill road, to Hyattaville road, to Baltimore pike, to city.

Condition of the roads—Brentwood road, fair

as far as Woodridge, east of that place, bad Rives road, rough; Bunker Hill road, good, hard, even surface; Hyattsville road, good west of Northwest branch, east of that stream rough; Baltimore road, good. As you enter the Brentwood road Eckington,

with its handsome showy houses, is passed on the left as the hill is climbed. The old Gales mansion will be observed in a grove on an elevated spot over on the west side of the rail-Arriving at the top of the hill and bear-

ng to the left you pass on the right the mouth of a byroad that leads to the old Ivy City race course and fair grounds. From this point fine views are presented. The old race course and the sloping lowlands on the right and the Soldiers' Home and Howard University on the left show to good advantage.

Advancing, a few rods bring you to Harmony cemetery, colored. This burying place, which was originally called National cemetery,

is quite attractive in appearance and contains the remains of some of the best known colored people of past generations. Some original and uaint epitaphs will be found by those interted in such things. Half a mile more and you are at the proposed

villa of South Brookland. The site of this villa was once called "Queensboro", after one of the early proprietors of the land upon which it is

You soon pass through the prospective villa

You soon pass through the prospective villa of Woodridge, the road in the vicinity being very rough, with deep washouts in places.

East of Woodridge, at the margin of a grove, you enter Rives road, which connects the Bunker Hill road on the north with the Baltimore road on the south. Turning to the left on the Rives road a quarter of a mile brings you to Bunker Hill road, which follow to the right.

Bunker Hill road, which follow to the right.

Looking to the right as you enter the last named road the Reform School again looms up in the distance. Straight ahead you are presented with a view of Hyattsville as it nestles in the hillside a mile away.

the hillside a mile away.

Highland station of the Baltimore and Ohio

which you turn to the left on Hyattsville road,
which runs parallel with the railroad.
By keeping straight ahead on the Bunker
Hill road you would have entered the Baltimore
road a little west of the bridge that spans the
Anacostia at the west end of Eladensburg.
Continuing along the Hyattsville road a quarter of a mile brings you to the mill race that
supplies Carleton's mill, down near the Baltimore road, with motive power. Northwest
branch is an eighth of a mile beyond. Immediately east of the mill race the road forks, the

diately east of the mill race the road forks, the fork straight ahead being for walkers only, while the one that winds around the field to the

while the one that winds a left is for vehicles.

By the latter route the stream is forded, but by the latter route the stream is forded, but wires across by the pedestrian's path a primitive and pic-turesque bridge is suspended on wires across the branch. The scenery in the vicinity of the branch and mill race is inviting and one will

want to linger a few moments to enjoy it.

Meirose avenue, Hyattsville, is entered a quarter of a mile east of the stream, which is followed to the right to Railroad avenue.

The Baltimore road or turnpike will now be

ath of town, near the bridge at the famous

you will want to learn some facts about the

HYATTSVILLE STATION

them being some fine old pines and cedars.

Mr. Hyatt also built the old railway station,
which is nearly opposite his premises, and
which is now used as a freight depot. He died in 1884, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

The attractive residence and grounds east of the Hyatt place and opposite the passenger station belongs to Mr. Sebastian Aman. There are many handsome residences on the Baltimore road, among them being the home of Dr. Henry S. Hall of the Treasury Departof Dr. Henry S. Hall of the Treasury Department, which occupies one of the most elevated and commanding sites in the vicinity. A splendid view is presented from his front porch.

Hyattsville is now an incorporated town, with a board of commissioners, and has a population of 1,509 by the last census.

No liquors are sold in the place, and, altogether, it presents a thrifty, inviting appearance.

Arriving at the wooden bridge that spans the

battle was formed that overran the Americans on that ill-fated August day seventy-six years ago. The old Lowndes mansion is on the north side of the street, in a beautiful, commanding inclosure called "Blenheim." Richard T. inclosure called "Blenheim." Richard T. Lowndes, the proprietor of the place in 1814, was an Englishman by birth, and the British officers wounded in the battle were taken to and cared for in his house. Opposite the Lowndes gate is the entrance to Mr. Stevens' place, which occupies the most elevated point on Lowndes Hill. Grand, far-reaching views are obtained from here.

On the south side of Sand street, at the western base of Lowndes Hill, at the mouth of Anacostia road, is a large brick building which dates back to 1746. These figures are inscribed on its old chimney, which are seen from the road.

A Scotchman named Bladen was the founder A Scotchman named Bladen was the founder of the town. He was a Calvanist of the strictest school, and was the head and pioneer of a colony of his countrymen and co-religionists. The Roman Catholics under the Calverts were their neighbors on the north, and tradition says that the most friendly relations existed between the members of both settlements.

The old town, which was founded nearly two hundred years ago, is five and one-third miles The old town, which was founded hearly two-hundred years ago, is five and one-third miles northeast of Washington, and has a population of 503, about half of whom are colored. The cemetery on the hill to the southward, over on the Anacostia road, overlooking the town, is worth a visit. Some of its tombstones data hack to the year 1700.

MEMORIES OF THE BATTLE. As you move to the right across the iron bridge that spans the Anacostia a little west of

the old wharf visions of the disastrous battle of August 24, 1814, pass before you. The lighting commenced right here at the stream and extended to the hills beyond the Reform School. Gen. Ross commanded the British, while the Americans had Gen. Winder for their nominal commander.

The first shots from the guns of Maj. Peter's Georgetown artillery, which were in position near Carleton's mill, staggered the advance line of the British as it moved down Sand



was about a quarter of a mile west of the bridge, extended from road to road and beyond each. The artillery (Myer's, Magruder's an l

old days. The stream here forms the dividing line between Hyattsville and Eladensburg.

You are now in the venerable town of Bladensburg, and the road traversed is called Main street. It is really a part of the Baltimore pike. But how changed the street from the old prosperous days of the town! Instead of business bustle and life you behold an almost "deserted early proprietors of the land upon which it is located.

Fine landscape views are presented from this point, the Reform School on the right and the Roman Catholic University on the left being conspicuous objects.

Queen's Chapel road is crossed about a mile southeast of Brookland. In the northeast angle, behind Mrs. Walsh's house, will be no-

vortex or point of the angle was a large barn, surrounded by an orchard, which sheltered the movements of the British troops. by a Mr. Dodge. The Carleton mansion is in its rear. The old building had a narrow escape from destruction during the battle. It was occupied by some of Stansbury's sharpshooters, who picked off several redcoats as they advanced across the Anacostia. This fact having been communicated to Gen. Ross immediately after the battle he dispatched a file of his soldiers to fire it. When the soldiers reached the mill they found it occupied by many of their wounded comrades. The building was on this account

spared.

Half a mile brings you to Hishland. Highland station on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad being over to the right. Beyond here Canoe creek is crossed, in the valley of which, extending for a few hundred yards on either side of the road, are Duel meadows, the notorious dueling grounds of old. These meadows witnessed many a bloody as well as bloodless "affair of honor." It would be difficult to supply a complete list of the duels fought here, for the facts concerning many of them were never known by the public. The following list, incomplete though it be, is reproduced from never known by the public. The following list, incomplete though it be, is reproduced from old records of the period:
Payton-Clinton, 1803; settled without bloodshed, Clinton making the amende honorable.
Decatur-Barron, 1810; former killed, latter wounded.
Horstin

Hopkins , 1814, former killed. Hoole-Dallas, 1815, latter wounded. Mason-McCarty, 1819; former killed, latter

ounded. Lega-Sega, 1821; latter killed. Randall-Fox, 1821; latter killed. Crocker-Gibson, 1822; former shot through

i.ced the earthworks of old Fort Saratoga.
Inside the fence in the opposite or southwest angle is "Fort Saratoga spring."

"he large bright tin-roofed building over to the left as you advan e is Mr. Heurich's. The Reform School is again visible to the right, and fine views are presented in every direction.

In war time Fort Thayer stood on Cedar Hill, over to the right, the site being 157 feet above tide level.

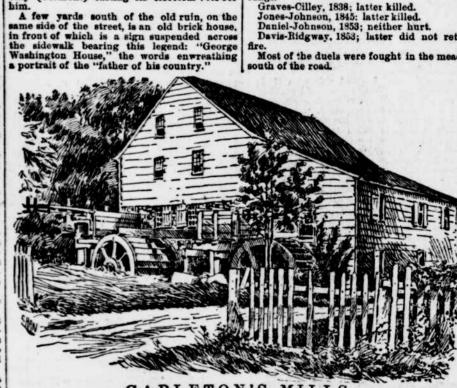
You soon pass through the presenting wills.

A few wards south of the old roof.

William Wirt, the great lawyer, author of the "British Spy," and Attorney General of the United States for twelve years, was born in a house that stood on the north side of the old taver. It may be interesting to state here the historical fact that Wirt ran for President in 1832 as the anti-Masonic candidate, one state only (Vermont) casting its electoral vote for him. lungs.
Graves-Cilley, 1838; latter killed.
Jones-Johnson, 1845; latter killed.
Daniel-Johnson, 1853; neither hurt.
Davis-Ridgway, 1853; latter did not return

ire.

Most of the duels were fought in the meadow



On the opposite side of the street is a neat two-story frame building, which glories in the name of "Frince George's House."
Old Dr. Barron's drug store is one of the name of the short-lived battle of Bladens-burg. The doctor himself is a genial gentleman and the oracle of the town. His residence, which stands immediately south of the store, is more than one hounding south of the store, is more than one hounding the store of the digrater of the digrater. His heavy guns did good execution; and is decidedly well preserved for his years.

A short distance north of Dr. Barron's, on the same side of the street, will be noticed a large frame church edifice with a dilapidated apprave of the street, will be noticed a large frame church edifice with a dilapidated apprave.

The oldest house in the place is Dr. D. P. Godman's, which is located on the west side of Main street, a few paces north of the site of Ross' Tavern. Going south from the spa it is the second residence on the right. It is a frame with a stone foundation and a peculiar beloomy in front. The stone used in the basement came from England as ballast in a versue. It was built in 1736.

Reaching the foot of Main street and mooring a few steps to the least of valuable commercial commodities.

Reaching the foot of Main street and mooring a few steps to the least of the did to and fro regularly. The cause of the decadence of the place is probably found in the fact that the waters of the Eastern branch steadily receded until the stream branch steadily receded



THE DUEL MEADOWS.

view. The main building is occupied by the superintendent, boys' dining room, chapel, library and reflecting room. The reception room for visitors is on the left of the main entrance. On either side of the main building are two detached wings, occupied by the assist-ants and as school and dormitories. The farm contains 150 acres.

The mouth of Rives road is nearly opposite the school.

RELICS OF THE WAR. On the site now occupied by Mr. C. R. Cox's

Rives handsome place, the building being an old-fashioned two-story brick.

Golden Rod brook runs under the road west

of Rives', a few yards from which you pass, on the right, the entrance to Queen's Chapel road, opposite which stands the old Half-way House, which was referred to in the excursion of the

You will now proceed homeward along the pike, which has previously been traveled and need not be described again.

On the pike opposite Mount Olivet cemetery stood in the old days a popular public house. It was called "Spring Tavern," the name being derived from a fine spring on the premises. The old house, which was almost as famous a resort as the Half-way House, was destroyed during the late way.

during the late war.

The Baltimore road is full of historic interest and one forgets himself in recalling the stirring scenes and incidents that have made every foot of the ground classic. In the old days, before railway invasion, our statesmen, on horseback and in coaches, traveled this road on their way to and from their congressional

FOODS THAT ARE COUNTERFEIT Artificial Almends and Coffee - A Milk Dealer on the Water Question.

REPORT OF A RATHER STARTLING nature is about to be issued by the Department of Agriculture on the adulteration of coffee and tea. "he former appears now to be chiefly sophisticated by the substitution for Peter's batteries) were massed on the high ground northwest of the mill, near where Mr. Yost's house now stands Peter's guns were considerably in advance of the others. At the the real beans of artifical ones molded from compositions made of clay, condensed milk and other materials. Secretary Rusk will urge the importance of excluding these and other imitations from importation to this country by the passage of a law shutting out articles palpably intended for the falsification of food. The beans are manufactured by wholesale in Germany and sold here for 10 cents a pound. From Utrecht also are now coming large quantities of artificial almonds, made from glucose paste. They are shaped and colored by machines, being finally steeped in nitro-benzole to give the necessary odor. The deception is so per-

pose of swinding consumers, often to the injury of their health, is unrestrained by any legal enactment. In fact the sophistication of foods has come to be regarded as a part of legitimate business.

To illustrate this, take the instance of a re-

tired Brooklyn milk dealer who appeared as witness in the case of a disputed contract for milk, which was claimed to have been watered. He testified that a quart of water in two gallons of milk was fair business, and it was upon this statement that the lawyer on the other side

cross-examined him.

"How long were you engaged in the milk business, Mr. So-and-so?" was the first question.

"Thirty-eight years," the witness replied.

"During that period how many quarts do you suppose that you delivered daily on an average." "Well, from first to last, say 1,000 quarts."

"And how much were you paid per quart?"
"Oh, from 6 to 7 cents."
"Call it 6 cents. In 1,000 quarts there were according to your measurement, 125 quarts of water. So you sold \$7.50 worth of water every day. That was clear profit, of course, inas-much as the material cost you nothing?"

"I suppose so," admitted the old milk

sold an average of 1,000 quarts every day, including Sundays. In 365 days, therefore, you must have disposed of 45,625 quarts of water at 6 cents a quart, representing a net gain of \$2,737.50 annually on a fluid which you drew from the pump?"

\$2,737.50 annually on a fluid which you drew from the pump?"
"I'm not much on figgers," responded the old dealer with some reluctance, "but I suppose that's correct."
"You were in business for thirty-eight years, you say. At the rate of \$2,737.50 annually you must have gained in that time by the sale of water \$104,000 approximately. That is correct, is it not?" 'I suppose it is."

"Ahem! You are accounted a wealthy man, Mr. So-and-so, I understand. In what shape, may I ask, are your means invested?"

"A block of houses on G street is the only property I own."

"The block is worth \$100,000, is it not?"

"Just about that, I believe."

"So it appears," said the lawyer, "that this block of houses which you own has been paid for entirely by the sale of water from the pump?"

"Certainly," replied the retired milk dealer.

"But you will observe that if I had not put the quart of water in each two gallons of milk I should at present not only possess no block of houses, but I should be \$4,000 worse off than nothing. So you will now understand my Ahem! You are accounted a wealthy man

nothing. So you will now understand my meaning when I stated just now that such a proportion of adulteration was fair business. For no man can reasonably be satisfied to work thirty-eight years at a trade and find himself at the end of the time a pauper and in debt."

From the Detroit Free Press. He was such a smart-looking tramp that the woman in the back yard, when he appeared, thought he was an agent of some sort.

"Good morning, ma'm," he said glibly, tal ing off his hat. g off his hat.
"I don't want to buy anything today," she replied, busying herself with a clothesline.
"I'm glad of that, ma'am," he chirped, "for I've got nothing to sell."

"Ain't you an agent of some kind?" she inquired, her woman's curiosity getting the better of her. "Thank a gracious heaven, ma'am, I'm not," he replied forvently.
"What are you, then?" and she began to back

and fill.
"I'm a collector, ma'am."

THEY BEGAN BY HAVING GREAT FUN with the captain. Ten minutes before they arrived the captain came out and took his usual chair in the usual spot under the shadow of the station. He was not a handsome man. He was strong, rugged, picturesque, but not handsome. Six feet high and 200 pounds in weight, he was an epic in hardened flesh and muscle and his face was as full of lines as an etched portrait. His general appearance offered a contrast to every rule of a fashion plate and he looked like some big shaggy animal that was particularly lazy because it was especially strong. On this occasion the captain's eyes were half-reefed and they looked over an expanse of sand on which low houses were built, and saw the smoke of assing steamers that crept along the horizon. t was peaceful, but it wasn't much of a view. In fact Robb's Island wasn't much of a place; simply a few hundred acres of sand in a wilderness of salt water. But it had its fascinations. For instance, in summer people—some of them of such good family stock that they didn't have to talk about it—left their best clothes and formalities at home and went there. They lived in rough sheds, by courtesy called a hotel, fished in the inlets, tumbled around in the surf, waded through the averagiffing sand and

residence, nearly opposite the west gate of the school grounds, stood a battery during the years of the civil war.

The line of pines running east and west in the rear of Cox's mark a line of old war-time rifle pits. Fort Thayer stood on the hill to the northwest of the pines. An eighth of a mile west of Cox's, on the north of the road, is Clark Mills' old place. Avalon Heights, a prospective villa, joins Mills' on the east. Opposite Mills' on the south of the road, is Franklin Rives handsome place, the building being an for two days, and there you were! In those ness and the glare of everything disgusted you. You firmly resolved to return the next morning. But the boat didn't ge for two days, and there you were! In those two days you got into the surf and pulled up more fish than you ever saw before, caught a shark or two, became the owner of a wonderful appetite, and when the boat was ready to start you were on the other side of the island. In a week you were a confirmed victim to the

manacs. A small community without sick peo-ple to gossip about is stupid, but the best that Robb's Island could do was to manufacture petty aches and doctor them on home-made emedies The idea of a resident physician was preposterous. He wouldn't make enough in a year to feed a cat on bread crumbs and

ater, much less milk.

The most interesting place on the island was The most interesting place on the island was the life-saving station, a fine house of two stories, with a broad gable roof, a flag staff, a veranda and a liberal decoration of red paint, whose contagion had spread over the neighborhood and given the settlement a sanguinary hue. The keeper of the station and the captain of the life-saving crew, who, according to the authorities, are two gentlemen at once at \$40° a year for the total was and is Cant \$400 a year for the total, was and is Capt. Zebedee Graves, and on this afternoon he had

There was a pause. The captain's eyes opened about one-thousandth part of an inch. The other mer looked into vacancy. The captain for \$40 a month.

In four hours he was back at the station and

said nothing.

might cut you out."

"Oh, I guess not," said the short man. "Good goods come in little bundles, and widders know quality. Don't they, captain?"

The captain's eyes opened another fraction and he took his pipe from his mouth and growled: "What are you up to new?"

"Oh, nothing. I just thought of going ashore and getting some things, and calling on a widder."

"Oh, nothing. I just thought of going ashore and getting some things, and calling on a widder."

"Then why don't you go?"

"Then why don't you go?"

"Then men laughed and the captain scowled and took an extra puff from his pipe.

The long man spoke up: "You needn't try to deny it, captain. We've got the dead wood on you this time."

And then followed volleys of questions from all the six men. They wanted to know when the marriage was to take place, when he was going to bring his bride over and whether or not they would receive invitations to the ceremony. The captain puffed away at his pipe, but behind the smoke was an increasing exasperation. The boys welcomed the signs with and the captain aroused was one of their greatest delights. They often said that they would rather hear him swear than the church choir sing, and they never thought it as in, because the oaths—which, of course, cannot get their natural glow in repetition—seemed to be an inevitable part of the man. He stood their prodding longer than they expected, but finally he blurted out something which, considerably separation." Who wants to git married? I wouldn't marry a angel if she was to come down and ask me, 'specially if I had to introduce the sound he ignited the conton signal.

For two minutes its brilliant red fiame illuminated the storm. And then he struck another, and for two minutes more the warning glare burned forth and from the dark water came a second report of the gun.

The patrolman thought he saw the glimmer of a light a half mile beyond the shoals. He climbed in a bluff of sand and looked again, but the six men alterior and tooked again, but the six men had the colid seen the report of seen the break of day when the simple fight a half mile beyond the shouls at and tooked again, but the some of light a half mile beyond the shouls at mot the cuit seen the cond and the captain secure of it. And then, extiling all doubt, came the report of a gun. Before its echo had answered the sound he ignited the Coston signal.

For two minutes its

I know of."

"We're not talking about angels, captain, but widders, which is altogether different."

"You jaw about marriage as if it was a joke," continued the captain, ignoring the interruption. "It ain't a joke; it's serious; and it ruins more men than whisky. Men don't know their own minds till they are forty and then they mostly stay single; but if one does marry ho generally picks out the right sort of wife. What's the matter with the world now? What own minds till they are forty and then they mostly stay single; but if one does marry he generally picks out the right sort of wife. What's the matter with the world now? What caused all this hard work and this starvation pay? What but an early marriage? If Adam had had the sense to wait for another woman he'd 'a' done something in the world a little better than stealing apples."

"But, captain," put in the long man, who had married when he was eighteen, "there are—"

their midst.

"You don't mean to say, captain, that she's going to take the place of Henry's wife?" stammered Tom.

"That's exactly what I mean."

protest.

"It's no use to kick," answered the captain to them all. "The thing's settled. We done enough for Henry in giving him the place here, and he throwed it up. His wife don't belong to the island, and as he married her let him to the island, and as he married her let him to the island, and as he married her let him support her. I ain't got no hard feelings agin her, but the bosses over in the county say Mrs. Marling must have the place, and she's got it, and I've been to see her about moving over."

It was an ill ending to the joke of the jokers. They were too depressed to talk, and gradually they got up and moved away.

Some people still talk about the November boats ashore and for hours it kept many of the 165 life-saving stations along the Atlantic coast in constant readiness and apprehension. Had it not been for the work of the life savers more than a hundred souls would have perished; but in the face of cold and death these brave fel-lows risked everything and played the roles of heroes with as spiendid a courage and as honest a purpose as ever the world saw. The great public, with its twelve-hour memory, read the brief reports in the newspapers the next morn-ing and then promptly forgot all about it by dinner time.

dinner time. On Robb's Island the day began queerly. start you were on the other side of the island. In a week you were a confirmed victim to the repose of the place, and fou remained a hopeless islander until your conscience or your finances drove you across the ten miles of marsh and water to the world and its cares.

After the summer visitors went away in September parties of men with canvas clothes and big guns arrived to kill ducks and geese, and when they departed the island, with its hundred people, was left alone in the solitude of the waters. There was not much to do then and the inhabitants did it. It was a dull life and a dull place. Everybody was well and the and the inhabitants did it. It was a dult like and a dull place. Everybody was well and the only way to break the monotony was for the women folks to imagine a few complaints to fit the descriptions in the patent medicine allight changed to night and the rain turned into light changed to night and the rain turned into a bombardment of hail that rattled on the roof like a fusilade of infantry bullets.

Just about that time the small man came into the room in oilskins and rubbers.

"Bough night, Tom," said the captain.

"Yes, captain. I don't think it'll be very dusty on the sands tonight. Perhaps some of

"Glad you think so," said the long man.
"Well, never mind. I'm rather thinking
you'll all get baptized before morning. The you half get baptized before morning. The shoals look ugly, and if any boat gets in too close may the good Lord help her! Goodnight, gentlemen."

"Good-night, Tom."

The patrol on Robb's Island was different from that of the ordinary coast station. The stretch of beach being less than two miles, only one natrolmen was needed during a waste.

eat a his dinner and was trying to smoke and sleep and keep his eyes open at the same time. He almost succeeded, but he was losing himself in furtive range when other was losing himself in grunned to the carried his lantern and the Coston signals. The hail having turned to e eat in his dinner and was trying to smoke and sleep and keep his eyes open at the same time. He almost succeeded, but he was losing himself in furtive raps when other men began to comout. At first they didn't disturb him. They took seats quietly, stretched their limbs and gazed across the expanse of sand and sea. The captain dozed; then the six surfmen looked at each other and smiled.

The smallest man struck a match and lighted his pipe. He puffed twice, threw his hands over his knees, rocked backward and forward several times, and began to speak. "Gentlemen," he said, "this life's getting too slow. It think I'll go ashore and let some nice girl with a farm marry me; a girl or a widder: I guess I'll take a widder."

There was a pause. The captain's eyes opened

and nothing.

another unfortunate was sent forth to make and her crew and her passengers were the round. After four hours he came back, the beach back and her crew and her passengers were set out in the face of the storm, and a weary time he had of it, but he stumbled along against the tempest, going down frequently, but soon rising, and all the time gazing seaward, with his Coston signal ready to warn any ill-starred

own minds till they are forty and then they mostly stay single; but if one does marry be generally picks out the right sort of wife. What's the matter with the world now? What caused all this hard work and this starvation pay? What but an early marriage? If Adam had had the sense to wait for another woman he'd' a' done something in the world a little better than stealing apples."

"But, captain," put in the long man, who had married when he was eighteen, "there are—"

"Of course there is. I don't say nothing about present company. There's a few married men who's all right, and there's a big lot who aint worth a cupful of sail water. And yonder's one of 'em."

The men turned, and about four hundred yards away they say a heavily built young fellow with hatchet aff nails menting the fence that inclosed a small and neatly kept wo-story house. The countenance of every one in the special way have a way a heavily built young fellow with hatchet aff nails menting the fence that inclosed a small and neatly kept wo-story house. The countenance of every one in the special way have a word of the word and the point opposite the wreek. No vessel could long endure such that inclosed a small and neatly kept wo-story house. The countenance of every one in the series of dough and fresh water with the word and the least discount the series of the series of

up in that boy. Be'd's' been keeper of this station, and look at him now, a big calf yoked to two apron strings? Heart failure, is it? I tell you it's nerve failure—that's what it is."

Never were six men more miserable. They tried to defend their comrade, but it was useless. Each word increased the captain's anger. Presently there was silence. He puffed at his pipe; they tried to look at ease.

'Now, I guess you want to know why I went to see the Widder Marling," resumed the captain, with something like contempt in his voice. "She's a consin of Joe Black, who happens to be at the head of things over in the county just now, and the dector says she must come to Robb's Island for her health, and she wants something to do while she is here. So she's going to teach the school."

The miserable men were ne longer quiet. They started as if a bombshell had dropped in their midst.

"You don't mean to say captain that she's."

words imploring him not to go.

"We need another man," halloced Tom.
Henry looked at the trembling form
his wife and unclasped her hands from

bere now and can assure you that I have enjoyed my stay immensely. The climate is simply perfect. I have a thermometer hanging in my house and whenever I look at it, which is nearly every day, the mercury stands at about "It's my duty I must," he said.
"Then go," she replied. "And may God kee 85, varying only two or three degrees in a week. I have never seen it rise above 91 nor fall below 80 that I remember of.

you."

He sprang forward In an instant he was in the stern with the steering oar balanced for its work. There were no cheers, no demonstrations from the islanders. It was Henry's place to go, and he went; that was all. And, moreover, most of the folks were around the prostrate captain, binding up his wounds and holding him down.

The surfmen and their new captain saw nothing, knew nothing, but the work ahead of these. As Henry stood at his post the whiteness left his face and all the old earnestness rushed back to warm his blood, to strengthen his muscle. Every day at about 9 in the morning a gentle breeze springs up in the east, which, blowing from the sea all day, moderates the tempers ature and makes the houses and shady spots delightfully cool and comfortable. breeze dies down at 9 or 10 o'clock at night and a land breeze from the south begins blowing. One sleeps very comfortably with only a shee

to warm his blood, to strengthen his muscle.

It seemed like the old days to the surfmen to UP THE PATUCA. I returned several days ago from a trip of a hear him sing out: "Steady now, boys! Here comes a bully one. One, two, three, let her tuca, to Cropunto. The Patuca is exceedingly She went. Into the seething turbulence she she went. Into the secthing turbulence she fell, and on the snowy crest she rose. Henry held her true and straight. He profited by the captain's failure; calculated for the diagonal waves, and with firm nerve and splendid strength guided her through the dangers of the breakers. His loud voice rose above the

strength guided her through the dangers of the breakers. His loud voice rose above the storm.

"Strong there, Tom. There's a whopper. All together, boys. That's past. Now we're all right."

The men never pulled more magnificently, and the boat, obedient to the helmsman's touch, leaped from wave to wave, carrying the prayers of those on shore, the hopes of the freezing wretches on the wreck.

And yet she seemed to go slowly—oh, so slowly! The captain, his left eye hid by the rough cloths which were bound arourd his wound, arose and looked.

All patuca City to fifteen at Cropunto. During the flood season the river sometimes overflows some of the lower banks, but this does no harm, as the water soon subsides. The river banks all the way up to Cropunte are covered with a heavy growth of trees and underbrush of varying density called "bush." The soil upon which it grows is very rich and moist and is admirably adapted to the cultivading the river. Some of the lower banks, but this does no harm, as the water soon subsides.

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The river banks all the way up to Cropunte are covered with a heavy growth of trees and underbrush of varying density called "bush." The soil upon which it grows is very rich and many vegetables. The natives, called Sambos or Mosquito Indians, have many plane tations lining the river, sometimes overflows. And yet she seemed to go slowly—oh, so slowly! The captain, his left eye hid by the rough cloths which were bound arourd his wound, arose and looked.

> on the Grant bought a small sail boat of four tons burden. In a few days Mr. Burch will fill

grim, not boyish, and the paleness came back. For awhile the boat cut swiftly through the sea egetables enough to supply Patuca. LIKE AN ENGLISH PARK. leaping from breaker to breaker with splendid speed But when she reached the cut-off chan-nel that ran between the shore and the shoals the serious work began. The beach seemed only a few yards away, but between it and the At Cropunto the first pine ridge comes down to the river and I found there some land that surprised me. It is a rolling savanna, covered

every muscle upon the work; but, just as he seemed to be getting ready to beach the boat and clasp his wife in his arms, his hand relaxed and he fell. As Tom jumped to the oar, the big breaker took the boat and tossed her near enough in for the cap'air, and the men, who were waist-deep in the surf. to grab her side. There was the cap'air and the men, who were waist-deep there are a dozen Americans residing bere

All safe save one. His unconscious form rested listlessly on the boat's bottom. The men bore it tenderly to a place where the women had spread their shaws. The big captain knelt

the tempest, going down frequently, but soon we recommend the tempest, going down frequently, but soon we restain the tempest, going down frequently, but soon we restain the tempest, going down frequently, but soon with the content signal randy to warn any ill-starred.

As calculated afterward, it was sixty-five minutes before the break of day when this patrolinan thought he saw the glimmer of a light a half mile beyond the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and looked again, but the show the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and looked again, but the show the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and looked again, but the show the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and looked again, but the show the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and looked again, but the show the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and looked again, but the show the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and looked again, but the show the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and looked again, but the show the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and looked again, but the show the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and looked again, but the show the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and looked again, but the show the shoals. He climbed on a bluif of sand and the short should be should be report of the signal.

For two minutes its brilliant red fame is the short show the should be short should be short show the should be short should be should be

life?"

"Like it? Young man, I was here on earth
fifty-one years, and when I was fifty-two—the
day the preacher came in—I commenced to
live. I we got the best wife in the world. She's

IN A SOUTHERN CLIME

UP THE PATUCA-A TORTUOUS STREAM-PES LANDS AND BEAUTIFUL SCENERY—AN EVEN TEM-PERATURE-PRODUCTS OF THE SOIL-WHAT A VISITOR SHOULD TAKE WITH HIM.

PATUCA, HONDURAS, JUNE 27, 1891.

HAVE SPENT OVER THREE MONTHS

tuca, to Cropunto. The Patuca is exceedingly tortuous and is a very pretty river so far as I have seen. I did not go above Cropunto, but am assured that the farther up one goes the better the country becomes. At this season the river is very low and is inclosed within grassy banks, rising gradually from three feet at Patuca City to fifteen at Cropunto. During the flood season the river sometimes overflows

would, arose and looked
"God bless the boy!" he said.
And the people thought the boy needed it, for
the boat was often hidden by the spray, and it
looked as if she could not live through the trip. BANANAS AND VEGETABLES. About two months ago three of the settlers

looked as if she could not live through the trip. But when they saw Henry standing steadfastly at his post, the men working the oars like machines, and the whole crew fighting the storm inch by inch toward the vessel, they took hope, and believed that he would conquer. It was a half hour of indescribable suspense, a half hour that seemed a whole day, but at the end of it the surf boat was nearer the vessel's side.

Three times she tried to approach the wreck and, three times the waves swept her away, and as failure followed failure the five men and the boy on the vessel seemed to give up hope. But not so Henry. The fourth time success came, and in a minute the six castaways jumped aboard and nestled there in speechless joy.

All knew the perils of the trip ashore. Progress was easier, but the dangers were greater. Henry was exuberant no longer. His face was grim, not boyish, and the paleness came back. Everywhile the boat out swiftly through the sea.

only a few yards away, but between it and the boat more than one tragedy had ended the hopes of sailors in bygone years. Henry knew it well. Just as the boat plunged into it a hidden current tried to pull her to her death; but he was quick, and the boat was brought back to her course. A minute more and they were in the thick of the eddies, and the thundering breakers hammered the boat with Titanic force. They were over more than half the channel now. A few more pulls meant land and safety.

"Pull, boys; pull for your lives!"

They did so, but there was a monster breaker chasing them like a wild bearst after its over and safety.
"Pull, boys; pull for your lives!"
They did so, but there was a monster breaker

it is simply perfection.

A few miles above Cropunto you can look across savanna land clear to the horizon. The monntains can also be seen from there. Only the rivers and ravines are bordered by bush. chasing them like a wild beast after its prey. With lips set the man in the stern concentrated The scenery is beautiful.

Patuca, at the mouth of the river, is a place

in the surf, to grab her side. There was a turbulence of whirling water, of rapid movements, of strange words, and axious cries, and the boat law to sell tobacco and rum on the Grant.

I feel quite sure that by next year we shall

what's more, 'I dike to know if an old womanhater like you has any right to talk about marriage? Has an infidel a right to preach from a pulpit?'

"Yes, he has—when he gits converted. H. W. P.
"Yes, he has—when he gits converted. Haven't you heard?"

"Yes, I do. I'm converted. Oh. I'm married. The world taugh. It wasn't my fault; it was circumstances. You see, after Henry's death from heart disease in that wreck, we all said the widder should have the school back, but there was another widder in the way, and she as all she was going to stay on the island on account of her health, and there we were. Talk as about your circumstances, two widders is at whole boat load. Well, I had to go to see the second widder about the school and so on, and I found out she wasn't going to budge, and the only way to got her out of the school was for somebody to marry her. I swore to myself that Henry's wife should get back in that school if I had to turn Mormon and marry a whole county full of winders. So I kept on going to see her, and pretty soon we dropped school and such like, all of which was a d—d-draggled—"

"Draggled, 'captain?"

The captain gare a sigh of infinite paties, and continued: "Yes, draggled! That's one of the drawbacks of marriage—she won't let me swear; won't let me say anything worse than draggled. Now, don't you listen to the yarms the boys "It tell you about the hard time flat her drawback of marriage—she won't let me swear; won't let me say anything worse than draggled. Now, don't you listen to the yarms the boys "It tell you about the hard time flat her drawback of marriage—she won't let me swear; won't let me say anything worse than draggled. Yes, draggled! That's one of the drawback of marriage—she won't let me swear; won't let me say anything worse than draggled. Now, don't you listen to the yarms the boys "It tell you about the hard time flat fleet of the propose, captain, that you like married if yet and the propose captain that you like married if yet and the propose captain, that you like married

ville, Cal. It was a handsome solitaire and ab evidently desired the jeweler to know that was her engagement ring.
"I would like to have this ring cut do